

# WIFE WILLED HIM NEW BRIDE, AUTHOR SAYS; SEEKS DIVORCE

Nicholas Dunaw As-  
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Deserted Him to  
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When He Became  
Ill and Poverty-  
Stricken After Giv-  
ing Her All He Pos-  
sessed.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.

**J**UST before Edith Don-  
nerberg, the beautiful  
Russo-Danish poetess,



Nina Betts Byron (above) willed to Nicholas Dunaew by his first wife, Edith Donnerberg. He is now seeking a divorce.

sailed for Europe, never to return, she said to her husband, Nicholas Dunaew, the actor-playwright:

"Take care of Nina, always, if anything should happen to me."

Nicholas Dunaew, convalescing in Roosevelt Hospital, after seven operations, recalled the words of his wife with bitterness this week and commented:

"I obeyed Edith and I did take care of Nina faithfully. Then when word came that Edith had died abroad I was kinder than ever to Nina for the sake of my dead wife, and four years ago I married Nina—and so I am here, ill, deserted and in poverty, while Nina heartlessly pursues pleasure."

The Nina of the strange romance, in which the first wife virtually bequeathed a second wife to her husband, is Nina Betts Byron, who has been prominent as an actress and dancer on the stage and screen for several years.

Nicholas Dunaew, with his head heavily bandaged and his features haggard after

the long series of serious operations, spoke of her with savage contempt, saying:

"Never was a woman so heartless, so ungrateful! Edith and I met her in the studio of a friend, when she was virtually destitute. We took care of her and her mother, even when our own funds were scant. Edith then was taking special courses at Columbia University, after having won honors abroad.

"When the war came she went back as a volunteer nurse and she was killed as a result of her patriotism. I taught Nina Betts then, for I was starting in motion pictures and had written several plays. I took her and her mother to California and established them comfortably in a bungalow in Hollywood.

"I taught Nina acting and the technique of the stage. I got her parts, small parts at first, and then gradually she learned enough to play opposite the stars in important pictures. We were married. It was Edith's wish and I thought that I love the girl. But now I am suing her in Los Angeles for divorce, for she has humiliated and deserted me. She has killed my love!"

Nicholas Dunaew, wiping drops

of perspiration from his drawn face, declared that he had exerted every effort to stimulate and retain the love of his wife. Every luxury she sought, he said, he gave her, including an automobile for her own use exclusively.

They parted on friendliest terms, he went on, when she asked if it would not be well for her to join the Denishawn Dancers on the road to perfect her own dancing. The actor added, with acidity:

"I agreed that she should go for a short time, but the short time became a long time, and I became worried. I wrote to her. She did not answer. I did not know where she was. Finally I heard that she was in New York and I wrote there. Then she wrote that she had joined the Folies, and told me many untruths about the girls in that organization.

"I came to New York only to find that she had joined Raymond Hitchcock's company, and had gone to Boston. I went there after writing to her and making an appointment. I waited and waited in the lobby of the theater and finally she came.

"A CHANGED WOMAN."  
"But, oh, how changed she was! She was not the girl I had married, not the wife who had left me! When I asked her why she had kept me waiting so long, she answered gaily that she had been seeing the sights of the town with a party of friends."

Soon after that, Dunaew said, he became ill and he asked Nina, who had assumed the name of Byron at his suggestion, to come to him. She refused, he added, and then:

"When I became worse, I begged her to help me and she answered that she could do nothing for me. Later when I had only 40 cents between myself and starvation, I wrote to her for help and she replied that she might have done so only Christmas was coming and she had too many Christmas expenses to help me. Afterward she told me that she did not want any more to do with me and that she intended to go her own way. So I brought suit for divorce on the ground of desertion."

As to the whereabouts of his wife, Dunaew said he had no knowledge but believed she was

playing in or near New York under an assumed name. He said that he was seeking no pity since he was dictating a play from his sick-bed and was confident that with the restoration of his health, he would return to his former position in his profession.

When he went to Roosevelt Hospital, the surgeons told him plainly of the gravity of his case and the first preparation he made was to notify his attorney in Los Angeles to press the suit vigorously. In the event of his death, Dunaew hoped, he said, that he would first be free of his wife, and he added:

"That is all I ask for now, living! Just to be free of that woman who has destroyed my faith in womankind!"

## Fifteen New Stars Appear Each Year

LONDON, Sept. 30.

**M**ANY of the distinguished overseas astronomers who have come to London for the centenary of the Royal Astronomical Society were present at a meeting of the British Astronomical Association, where an interesting discussion on the measurement of vast spaces of the sky took place.

Dr. Shapley led off with a full account of his investigation of stars in clusters, from which he had reached the conclusion that the greatest diameter of the Milky Way cluster was of the order of 100,000 parsecs, or about 300,000 light years.

It has been found that fifteen new stars, down to about the tenth magnitude, appeared every year. So that in the thousand million years suggested as the age of the earth there has been time for a great deal of evolution.

Dr. Shapley considers that the origin of the whole system was probably a huge globular cluster containing many smaller clusters, and those near the main plane of the galaxy have spread out into open clusters under the gravitational forces of the system, so that there are practically no globular clusters in the Milky Way itself.

But since there are 43 to north of it and 43 to the south, he is forced to conclude that they do not belong to the same system. He showed some very fine lantern slides of nebulae and clusters.

# Do You Really Want That Divorce? -:- By KATHLEEN NORRIS -:-

By KATHLEEN NORRIS:

Every divorce is the result of two hallucinations.

As long as any woman's happiness is of another person's making rather than her own, that woman is unhappy and her life is a failure. And the only reason that second marriages are sometimes more successful than first marriages is because the woman, or man, or both have learned something through the pain and humiliation of that first misery.

The world is full of drifting, eager, dissatisfied women, sharply desiring to be re-established and wearisomely harping upon the one article of their creed—that Bob is a selfish, mean, unbearable brute. But what has any one of them gained by divorce that she might not have had anyway under her husband's protection and with all the dignity of a decently married woman?

We live in a world of miracles, all worked out by the one divine element—Love. And which of us doesn't know of marriages that have mysteriously worked out from utter failure to a generous measure of success?

A happy marriage is a life work. Do you really want that divorce?



And Peggy cannot risk "talk" at any cost.

She determines to be a breadwinner; women are doing wonderful things with shops, and frocks, and even dancing, nowadays. Peggy goes daily to a theatrical school, she studies interior decorating, or she opens, with a friend, a little tea room, all yellow lanterns and small, costly gifts.

It doesn't work. Never having had the secret of happiness, she hasn't it now; she speedily decides that a second marriage is her only way out, and—if she is fortunate—she makes it, usually with a man who does not compare favorably to Bob, in most ways.

The world is full of these drifting, eager, dissatisfied women.

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But what has any one of them gained by divorce that she might not have had anyway under her husband's protection and with all the dignity of a decently married woman?

If Bob really is a brute, then sooner or later Peggy is sure of that universal sympathy that never fails a fine woman married to an inferior man.

If Peggy really can become a money earner, if she has the humility, the patience and the courage that even a modest career demands, then why not begin that career as Mrs. Bob, and accord to Bob meanwhile the kind, polite,

## JUST HOW WICKED IS GREENWICH VILLAGE?

"Excellent Place for the Strong, But Mighty Dangerous for the Weak," Verdict of One of the Oldest Residents.

By JOSEPH S. ROGERS.

Universal Service.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.

**W**HAT is Greenwich Village? Is it wicked? If so, how much, and if so, why? Does it compare with the Latin quarter of Paris? Is it a place where art can be pursued for art's sake alone? Is free love tolerated? Is it a place for the young and unsophisticated girl or youth—or the experienced?

Greenwich Village, that mysterious part of New York which teems with uncertainty, is always "in the news," and for that reason these questions are uppermost in a reader's mind. They can be answered briefly.

The village is unquestionably broad-minded—a clearing house for talent—a place where the fit survive—where the unfit become down-trodden. But in the latter cases it is only because the person so involved so deceives. The person Hoyt, one of the founders and oldest residents of the village, hits the bulls-eye when he says:

"It is an excellent place for the strong, though a mighty dangerous one for the weak. The former type is benefited by a residence of two or three years there; he or she may be trusted to move away and settle down later on and start the strenuous labor of building a career. If the weak succumb, that is the price society must expect to pay for increased sophistication."

The social life of the village is certainly as important as its business side—in fact, it is not exaggerating to say that the former takes up most time. The student of art or literary bent cannot concentrate, as a rule, for more than a few hours at a time, with the result that in such a cult gaiety must have more than its customary fling.

It is difficult to state just how many "villagers" are truly artistic, even in the broad sense of the word. Certainly there are a great many of them of both sexes—and that they are sincere is shown by the following protest recently made by the League of American Artists, Inc., many of whose members live in the village:

"Persons who know nothing whatever about art move into studios, hire models, make a pre-

tense of working an hour or two a day, but are really there for no other purpose than to have wild parties. The studio life gives them the alibi they want. Models can go to and from apartments in an art colony. The parasites in art colonies are there for two purposes, first to seek the prestige of being artistic by the possession of a studio, and second because they are exempt from curiosity or danger of detection when they adopt this disguise. It is these parasites whom we would like to expel."

Superstition plays an important role in the village and the hundreds of thousands of curios who are sold every year go not only to tourists, but to habitués of the colony. Just now good luck rings with mysterious insignia seem to have the call. When an artist or writer has some particularly good stroke of good fortune he or she must attribute it to something—anything except his or her ability.

Taking it by and large, the Greenwich Village resorts, such as "The Pirate's Den," "Jolly Friars," "Red Head," "Bamboo Forests," "T. N. T." and "The Pepper Pot," bohemian as they are, are supported by outsiders. The villagers themselves prefer studio parties under smothered lights whilst exotic music exudes gayly from a phonograph.

But to call Greenwich Village wicked or not wicked depends entirely on the point of view. What one would consider wicked another would call merely bohemian.

Greenwich Village is a land of make-believe—like any other place one can make it a means of success if one puts work above play. The village can make or break any man or woman—but it is a place which the weak would do well to avoid.

## Lifeboat Launched.

LONDON, Sept. 30.

**A** NEW motor lifeboat, the largest and most powerful afloat, has been launched for the Royal National Lifeboat Institute. It is called the Barnett Twin Screw.

Practically unsinkable, the Barnett has as many watertight compartments as a modern battle cruiser. Her radius of action is anything up to 150 miles.

dispassionate consideration that she would any other man?

This attitude on Peggy's part is the one invincible argument she can offer the world as to her rights, and wrongs, as Bob's wife.

The minute she leaves him she robs herself of her best defense, the world is against Peggy then. But while she stays with him, quietly and with self-possession working out, from the very material of failure, her own life work, her own happiness, her family, her friends, her whole acquaintance, have nothing but praise for Peggy.

## THE RECOMPENSES

The more flagrant Bob's misconduct, the more admirable is Peggy; her poise and dignity lift her above his human blundering and stumbling, and the very thing that has seemed to her her greatest trial and humiliation becomes a sort of halo about her head.

She has become independent of Bob; she may be sorry for him, she may even be distressed and annoyed by him, but he touches her own soul no longer. Bob can affect Peggy now no more than the car conductor who is rude or the hotel clerk who speaks to her slangily.

And what is accomplished by this sacrifice of Peggy's independence?

Well, in any case, something, and in some cases a great deal.

If there is a child, that child still has a home, and a father and mother. He is not dragged about the world, a forlorn little derelict regaled upon the bitter tale of his mother's wrongs.

Then there is one home the more in the world, and a home with a busy, interested and developed—if somewhat saddened and somewhat wiser—woman in it. And sooner or later that woman gains the only true happiness in the world, the happiness that is based on the wonderful old phrase, "He that loveth his life shall find it."

## A GAME WORTH WHILE.

To Peggy, patience, sweetness, philosophy will become a sort of game, and the playing of that game will become the interest of her life. And her friends will very quickly come to realize her position.

To Peggy divorced, their attitude will always be expressed by a skeptical, unconcerned "How-do-you-like-it?" and "What-on-earth-can-you-do-now?" followed by a wifely, "I have to go, Peg; George and I are dining out tonight!"

But about the dignified, strong, self-sufficient, faithful wife there will presently be an atmosphere of "I think you're wonderful. George says he thinks you are simply a marvel with Bob. Bob owes everything in the world to you, Peggy, and I hope he realizes it!"

And then there is other gain. For we live in a world of miracles, all worked by the one divine element—Love. And which of us doesn't know of marriages that have mysteriously worked out from utter failure to a generous measure of success? Which of us doesn't know of Bobs who have really improved, really developed, under the skillful hands of the right sort of wife?

I have known of divorces that were apparently justifiable, and of second marriages that were unusually successful. But for each one of these I know of a score of lonesome, solitary, impecunious divorced women drifting about the fringes of society, and of a score of second marriages infinitely more tragic than the first.

## A LIFE WORK.

I know two cases of women who desperately grasped at second chances—after the disillusioning interval between marriages—but who are still jealously in love with their first husbands, anxiously interested in all that concerns them, and resentful of any new interests—especially of a romantic nature, on those husbands' parts.

And I know an enormously rich woman in the early forties who is now trying her fifth marital experience. I don't have to describe her to you—you can imagine the harsh eyes, the high voice, the noisy self-defense at the first hint of even indirect criticism. You know without my saying so that clothes and bridge are the two real interests of her life.

Contrasted to these are other cases; the cases of women who fought their way through years of doubt and disappointment, who kept their own faith high, and who have triumphantly drawn not only their own, but their children's and their husbands' happiness out of the flames.

For a happy marriage is a life work.

Do you really want that divorce? (Copyright, 1922, by the Republic Syndicate.)

This is one of a series of Woman to Woman Talks on present-day family and social problems that Mrs. Norris, America's best loved and most popular woman writer, is writing especially for The Washington Times. Another talk will be printed next Sunday.